

For Sale.
 Forty acres nice, smooth meadow
 Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No.
 2, Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters
for everything in the line
of
Standard Jewelry.
If you wish to be ON
TIME buy your

Watch or Clock
at this reliable establish-
ment. Prices are right,
Stock is Complete,
Goods are the Best, there-
fore your patronage is
solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

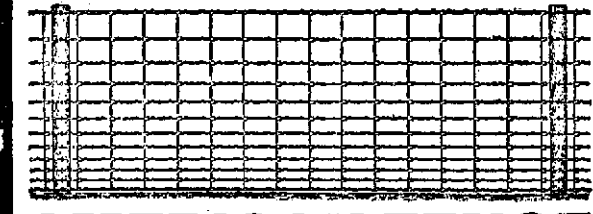
Vanblad & Treff, Practical Horseshoers.

We are pleasantly located on
our new building on Water St.,
where we are prepared to do
all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE
Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the
hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel
that is not too hard nor too soft.
We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and
superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get
our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows,
Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils
and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 12, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Vanblad & Treff, the blacksmiths,
have a new ad.

—Read what E. W. Strong has to
say in his space to-day.

—H. W. Hilton's "Honest Dan" will
start in the 2:30 race at Jamestown on
Friday.

—H. H. Redfield tells how washing is
made easy in his ad to-day. It will
interest all.

—Edinboro students are shown the
best methods for study. Catalog free.
John F. Bigler, prin.

—The McKean County Fair will be
held September 4, 5, 6 and 7. Every-
body should attend it for it will be big-
ger and better than ever.

—Mrs. W. P. Burdick and Miss Anna
Muge entertained ten members of the
Daughters of the American Revolution
from Smethport Tuesday.—Mt. Jewett
News.

—The Buffalo Courier of last Sunday
contained a good picture of a group of
nurses at the Children's Hospital, Buf-
falo. Among them appeared Miss
Oeystal Wormer of Olean, formerly of
this place.

—This, from Cleveland, is of general
interest: Judge Keeler has decided that
kissing another man's wife was not
grounds for divorce or evidence of any
closer relations between the persons do-
ing the kissing.

—About 80 Oil City merchants were
the victims of a clever forger last Fri-
day. After banking hours a finely
dressed woman visited the stores, made
small purchases and tendered in pay-
ment checks in amounts ranging from
\$5 to \$30, getting the difference in cur-
rency. The checks were said to have
been drawn on prominent Oil City peo-
ple. All were forged. The unknown
swindler disappeared.

—A man by the name of Anderson
from Clermont, who was spending the
Fourth in Kane, was shot in the foot,
presumably by a stray bullet from a
revolver. He was sitting on a log in
the park, below Chestnut street, near
the driveway through the park. He
felt a stinging sensation and upon ex-
amination found that a bullet had
lodged in the ball of his foot. He was
taken to the hospital, where the wound,
which was quite serious, was dressed.—
Republican.

FACTS IN NATURE.

Not Only Do We Get Inspiration From
Nature, But Health as Well.

For people who are run-down and nerv-
ous, who suffer from indigestion or dys-
pepsia, headache, biliousness, or torpid
liver, coated tongue with bitter taste in
the morning and poor appetite, it be-
comes necessary to turn to some tonic or
strengthening agent which will assist Na-
ture in her work. There is a sure way
and put the body into its proper condition.
It is becoming more and more apparent that
Nature's most valuable health-giving
agents are to be found in forest plants
and roots.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R. V. Pierce,
now consulting physician to the Invalids'
Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo,
N. Y., discovered that by scientifically
extracting and combining certain medi-
cinal principles from native roots, taken
from our American forests, he could pro-
duce a medicine which was marvelously
efficient in curing cases of blood disorder
and liver and stomach trouble as well as
many other chronic, or lingering ail-
ments. This concentrated extract of
Nature's vitality he named "Golden Medi-
cal Discovery." It purifies the blood by
putting the stomach and liver into
healthy condition, thereby helping the
digestion and assimilation of food which
helps the blood. It cures weak stomach,
indigestion, torpid liver, or bilious-
ness, and kindred derangements.

If you have coated tongue, with bitter
or bad taste in the morning, frequent
headaches, feel weak, easily tired, stitches
or pain in side, back, chest, or stomach,
aches, belching of gas, constipation, or
irregular bowels, feel flashes of heat al-
ternating with chilly sensations or kind-
red symptoms, they point to derange-
ment of your stomach, liver and kidneys,
which the "Golden Medical Discovery"
will correct more speedily and perma-
nently than any other known agent. Con-
tains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.
All its ingredients printed in plain Eng-
lish on wrapper.

The sole office for substitution is to
permit the dealer to make a little more
profit. He gains you lose. Accept no sub-
stitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Constitution causes and aggravates
many serious diseases. It is thoroughly
cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.
One a laxative; two or three are cathartics.

Ways of Scotch Justice.

One often hears comments passed up-
on the administration of the law by
local magistrates, but while it may
sometimes leave a little to be desired
it is not so glaringly crude as it often
was in earlier times.

It is on record that the Montrose
bailie, after hearing the evidence in a
breach of the peace case, fined both
the accused and all the witnesses "half
a crown."

The witnesses naturally resented this
decision, but the bailie, with his mind
made up, refused to budge from the po-
sition he had taken up and defended it
with the remark:

"It disna matter; he had nae business
there. Half a crown apiece."

The same bailie was trying another
case in which a difficulty arose regard-
ing the nonappearance of a witness.
The court was informed that the wit-
ness was defunct. The magistrate,
who was a self-made and highly suc-
cessful business man and who had
gained elevation to the bench solely on
account of his command of "siller,"
had never heard that particular form
applied to death and, thinking it was a
legal phrase, called out in command-
ing tones, "Bring forward the de-
funct!" which brought down the house.
—Dundee Advertiser.

His First Customer.

Schwartz had just taken possession
of the little book shop which he had
purchased with the idea that there
would be an ideal occupation for him,
permitting him to sit around and smoke
his long pipe all the time. His first
patron, or would be patron, on the first
morning of his advent as a book dealer
was a young woman who wanted to
get a book dealing with arctic romance.
"Good morning," she said. "Have
you got 'Frozen Dog Tales'?"

"Yes? Lady, dis is not a Chinese
restaurant."

"But you don't understand me. I
mean—"

"I never heard of frozen dog tails
yet. Mopie dey are something dese
Fillingimno beebles cats. But nod
here, lady, nod here. Dis is a book
store."

"Well, probably you do not quite un-
derstand me, I wanted to get some
book that had stories of the north in it.
Perhaps you have 'hardness'?"

"No, nod here. There is no story in dis-
tion but I would let him in on
it, nod."

But the young woman was leaving
once—defunct.

Arson Burr In Prison.

Even to his father Burr was the
grand segment whose rights there was
none to dispute.

"I hope," he ventured that official at
their last encounter, "that it would not
be disagreeable to you if I should lock
this door after dark."

"By no means," graciously returned
the prisoner. "I should prefer it to
keep out intruders."

"It is our custom, sir," continued the
turnkey, "to extinguish all lights at 9
o'clock. I hope, sir, you will have no
objection to conform to that."

"That, sir," answered Burr, "I am
sorry to say is impossible, for I never
go to bed until 12 and always burn
two candles."

"Very well, sir—just as you please,"
agreed the jailer. "I should have been
glad if it had been otherwise, but as
you please, sir."—Frederick Trevor
Hill in Harper's Magazine.

Birds' Spring Wedding Clothes.

There are a number of birds that put
on fresh, bright beautiful clothes for
their spring weddings. These birds,
when they mate, change their soiled
dress of gray or brown for plumage of
gold and scarlet. Thus the warbler
bird of Germany puts on for the mat-
ting season a ruff of many bright hues,
while the female dons a cape of white.
The grebe's wedding dress is two tufts
of brilliant blue feathers. They stand
like horns upon his head. They en-
hance his beauty greatly. The quail
entirely is a dull brown bird, but in the
spring his plumage turns a beautiful
green. The fire-wren's wedding
dress is the most splendid of all. This
bird, a sober fellow in the winter,
wears when he takes a wife a dress of
bright red.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Diving For a Wife.

In many of the Greek islands diving
for sponges forms a considerable part
of the occupation of the inhabitants.
The natives make it a trade to gather
these, and their income from this
source is far from contemptible. In
one of the islands a girl is not per-
mitted to marry until she has brought up
a certain number of sponges and given
proof of her skill by taking them from
a certain depth. But in some of the
islands this custom is reversed. The
father of a marriageable daughter be-
stows her on the best diver among her
suitors. He who can stay longest in
the water and bring up the biggest
cargo of sponges marries the maid.

Whistler Saved Him.

A certain famous English poet whose
name the reader must be left to fill in
for himself was once threatened with
expulsion from a swell London club
for dancing a fandango upon the silk
bats of other members. James Mac-
Neill Whistler, however, interposed and
saved him with his eloquence. One
man of genius, Mr. Whistler urged,
was worth any number of silk bats,
seeing that silk bats could be replaced
and men of genius could not. Then
and not till then the late committee
reconsidered its decision and accepted
the apology which was tendered.

A Clerical Pan.

A complaint was brought before an
eminent English bishop that a clergy-
man in his diocese was wearing an
Oxford master's hood when, in fact, he
had no such degree. "I call it, my
lord," said the complainant, "wearing
a lie on his back." "We need not use
quite so strong a word," Mr. Smith,
the bishop replied in his blandest man-
ner. "Call it a false hood."

No man's abilities are so remarkably
shining as not to stand in need of a
proper opportunity, a patron and even
the promise of a friend to recommend
him to the notice of the world.—Piny.

Typographical Slips.

Mistakes in punctuation have often
led to ridiculous blunders. Some time
ago in an article telling of the opening
of a new hospital in New York the
writer was made to state that "an ex-
tensive view is presented from the
fourth story of the Hudson river."

The omission of a comma in a paper
announcing the death of a famous man
made the sentence read, "His remains
were committed to thatbourne whence
un traveler returns attended by his
friends."

The reputation of J. A. Pond, an emi-
nent theologian, was nearly ruined
back in the fifties of the last century
by a typographical error. A paper
came out with an account telling how
the divine had given a series of lec-
tures in Bangor, Me., to the effect that
theology was no science and that there
was no truth in it whatever. The
world rose in arms, and the unfortu-
nate Pond was heaped with abuse as
being a gross infidel. In time the pa-
per in which the first account appeared
printed a paragraph acknowledging
that the excitement was all caused by a
typographical mistake, the typesetter
having used the word theology instead
of phenology.

An Ant and Dog Story.

A delirious dog story has been ex-
amined from the misty past and is now
preserved in the records of an old
court at Southampton, England. It
dates from 1587 and must be told in
the quaint terminology of the period.
"Hov we pre out yt at the tyne of our
synne ther hath ben complaint made
of another do g, between a mastie &
a mongrel of Peter thynges which
hath strong qualites by himselfe,
which sayng lose abrode doth many
times offend the neighbors & wyll
fetch out of ther houses whole peces
of meate, as hogues of mutton & veal
& such lyke & a pasty of venison or a
whole pownde of candells at a tyne, &
wyll not spyle yt by the way but carry
yt whole to his masters house, which
being a profitable dogg for his mas-
ter, yet because he is offensyve to
many yt is not sufferable, wherfor his
master hath forgoit for every three
shillings 4 pence [83 cents]. And he
yt commanded to kepe him tyed or to
putt him away upon payn to forfeit
for every tyme he shal be found in
streets 3 shillings 4 pence."

Well Upholstered Furniture.

When Paradise Corner organized its
women's club it was determined that
everything should be done in the most
business-like way. "My husband makes
so much fun of women's meetings,"
said one of the youngest members.
"He says women never remember to
say 'Mrs. President' or speak of 'the
chair' or 'the secretary'—that is, he
says they are liable to forget at any
time and mention names instead, but
I told him we shouldn't, any of us."

"Why, as I told him, we are so par-
ticular that when we had that extra
meeting at Miss Lowden's, and it was
so hot and Miss Ransom looked about
baked in her new coat, Miss Lowden
feels so strongly that we mustn't ever
run to careless ways of speech that she
said, 'Wouldn't it be wiser for the
chair to remove its coat, though it is so
awfully becoming to it?' And it really
did sound a little queer till you thought
it over."—Youth's Companion.

Tropical Skies.

To northern eyes the intense bril-
liancy of the tropical and semitropical
sky comes as a revelation. Sometimes
at noon it is painfully dazzling, but
the evening is a vision of pearly light
holding carnival in the air, wherein
Milton's "twilight gray" has no part.
Unless the sky is hid in the relentless
grip of a winter storm the orient holds
no gray in its evening tones; these are
translucent and glowing from the set-
ting of the sun until the stars appear.
In Greece we are dreamers in that sub-
lime atmosphere, and in Egypt vision-
aries under the spell of an ethereal
loveliness where the blue patterning
of white dome and minaret and inter-
lacing palm and fanthier popper tree
leaves little wonder in the mind that
the ornamentation of their architecture
is so ravishing in its tracery.—Century.

The Scented Court.

"The scented court" was the name
by which the court of Louis XV. was
known throughout Europe, on account
of the rage for perfumery which then
prevailed in France. The expenditure
of Mme. de Pompadour for this one
branch of her toilet amounted to \$100,
000 annually. It became the fashion
for the host or hostess of a great en-
tertaining to signalize to their guests
what particular perfume was to be
employed for scenting their rooms on
the night for which the invitations
were issued, and they were expected to
use no other, so that the delicate effect
of a unity of odors might be produced.
At court a different perfume was pre-
sented for each day of the week.

Cure of the Eyes.

On rising in the morning the eyes
should be bathed gently in cold water.
Twenty passes are said to be decided-
ly strengthening. While using them
closely they should be rested at inter-
vals of an hour or two, for the strain
of constant reading, etc., is like that
of extending the arms at a certain
height immovably. Imagine, then, the
taxing of the eyes, which cannot com-
plain save after years of irreparable
neglect. When dust settles in the eyes
warm water will soothe them of any
inflammation.—Exchange.

Honors Easy.

"This silver dollar," began the cash-
ier of the restaurant as he scrutinized
the coin—
"Is that, eh?" interrupted the sour
looking patron.
"Well, it doesn't look very good."
"That so? Just bite it, and if it's
anything like the dinner I had it'll
taste even worse than it looks."—Phil-
adelphia Press.

The Height of Fame.

Superlative fame is where a man
has not only forced his name into
everybody's mouth, but has kept it
there until the first class newspapers
are spelling it the same way every time
they mention it.—Pack and

How Animals Bear Pain.

Take horses, for instance, in battle.
After the first shock of wound they
make no sound. They bear the pain
with a mute, unobtrusive endurance,
and if at night you hear a wild cry
from the battlefield it comes from
their loneliness, their loss of that hu-
man companionship which seems abso-
lutely indispensable to the comfort of
domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for
days patiently, but uncomplainingly.
The cat, injured by a stone, bears in
silence pain which we could not en-
dure. Sheep and other cattle meet the
thrust of the butcher's knife without a
sound, and even common poultry en-
dure intense agony without complaint.

The plover, fatally wounded, flies to
some faroff bough and dies in silence.
The wounded deer speeds to some
thick brake and in pitiful submission
waits for death. The eagle, struck in
midair, fights to the last against the
fatal summons. There is no moan or
sound of pain, and the defiant look
never fades from his eyes until the lids
close over them never to uncover
again.—London Mail.

A Judge's Advice.

Recently a retired English judge was
asked what was the most prominent
conviction that remained with him af-
ter his long judicial experience, and he
is said to have replied, "That every
man should be tried for the settle-
ment of a dispute before it be taken
to the law courts."

GOOD for OLD and YOUNG



August Flower keeps the children healthy and
strong.
Full of vigor and free from the sickly, dry look,
so when mamma needs to be they rush off in
high glee,
And shout to the druggist: "Please give it to
me!"

Ability to get up brisk and fresh in
the morning, lack of appetite, pallor,
muddy complexion and poor spirits—
these all indicate a disordered stomach
and bad digestion—in adults and children,
too. They also indicate the urgent need
of taking Green's August Flower regu-
larly for a few days.

It's a reliable old remedy for all stomach
troubles, never fails to cure indigestion,
dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and
is a natural tonic for body and mind. It
comes in two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists

For sale by H. C. Wells.



Choosing a Helpmate

is a serious busi-
ness always. And
the man in luck
who wins the girl
who not only ap-
preciates bric-a-
brac but also the
value of good

PLUMBING

The up-to-date
plumbing of to day
entirely in sight
where possible and
always sanitary in
pipes, traps, etc., is
within reach when
you leave it to an
expert plumber
such as you'll find
at your service at
our address. Esti-
mates on new and
old work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES, RUBIN BLDG. R. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

RE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York
Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free
specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National
Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and
their families and every issue contains matter in-
structive and entertaining to every member of
the family. The price is \$1 per year, but if you
like it you can secure it with your own favorite
local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a
bargain. Both papers one year only \$1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE MCKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT And then go to BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well
selected stock of

**DRY GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES,
HATS, CAPS, AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES**

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
CANDIES ARE
DELICIOUS.
TRY THEM.
TRY US FOR
BAKED PIES,
CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP
A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES,
Y. W. Brasted & Co., 100 N. 3rd St., Phila.
Y. W. Brasted & Co., 100 N. 3rd St., Phila.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—\$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of \$100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.
Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.
Cards, not exceeding one inch, \$5.00 per an-
num.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, \$3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 12, 1906.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor,
EDWIN E. STUART
of Philadelphia.

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBERT S. MURPHY
of Cambria county.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,
of Bradford.

For Sec'y Internal Affairs,
HARRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. MCKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH,
of Bradford.

The Prohibition party of this state is talking seriously of endorsing Hon. L. Emery, Jr., for governor. Wouldn't that make you "take a smile?"

The Democrats of McKean county will probably make the election of Messrs. McKean and Merrick unanimous. That, at any rate, is what they should do.—Bradford Era.

The Socialists of Colorado in nominating a man for governor who is now a prisoner in jail, charged with a grave offense, have not added their cause among law abiding people. They should at least have waited until Haywood's innocence had been fully established before nominating him for public office.

A LORE highwayman held up five stage coaches in the Yosemite Valley last Saturday and made the passengers turn over their money and valuables. The coaches were only a few minutes away and all were assessed at the same rate. The loot escaped.

Lawyer party re-assembled in convention at Philadelphia on Tuesday and made their fusion with the Democrats. Messrs. Blankenship, Merrick and Coray withdrew as candidates on the Lincoln ticket and the Democratic nominees were endorsed.

The conference of the 21st Congressional district, which is composed of Clearfield, Centre, Cameron and McKean counties, met at DuBois last Thursday and adjourned, without taking a ballot, until to-day when they are to meet at the same place. We sincerely hope that a candidate may be decided on and a Republican placed on the ticket who will make a winning campaign.

EDWIN S. STUART's speech of acceptance has made a very favorable impression among Republicans throughout the State. He has given the voters a plain statement as to his views and purposes and being a man of integrity against whom even his partisan opponents have nothing to say, it would be folly to ignore the fact that he is a very strong, clean candidate. Stuart will have a large following throughout the Commonwealth, not only on his own account, but because of the excellent platform recently adopted as an expression of the principles of the Republican party of Pennsylvania.

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY, of the Russian navy, whose trial on the charge of surrendering to the enemy after the battle of the Sea of Japan, began before a court martial July 4, was acquitted on Tuesday after the court had deliberated for 10 hours. Four officers of the torpedo destroyer Bedovia, who were placed on trial with the admiral, were found guilty of having premeditatedly surrendered the Bedovia and all four were condemned to death by shooting. But on account of extenuating circumstances, the emperor will be requested to commute their sentences to dismissal from the service and to be deprived of certain other rights, which they would otherwise enjoy.

GEORGE MITCHELL, who shot and killed Franz Edmund Orefield, the self-styled "Joshua" and leader of the "Holy Rollers," in Seattle, Wash., on May 7, was found not guilty on Tuesday. Orefield had ruined Mitchell's two sisters and he killed him for revenge. Orefield's actions in many instances are said to have been outrageous. His following was led to believe that he was Jesus Christ, and after his death his wife, who was with him on the street when he was shot, clung to the belief that he would rise again. One of the beliefs of the Holy Rollers was that it was sinful to wear clothes, and whenever any of his following appeared before "Joshua" they first removed every article of wearing apparel. Many of his victims are now in the insane asy-

lums, among them the mother of the woman to whom he was twice married.

REPUBLICANS, whether they be of the Lincoln or regular brand who are intending to vote for Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., for governor, should not lose sight of our Congressman and therefore allow a Democrat to be elected from this district. Mr. Emery will undoubtedly receive a nice complimentary vote in this and the adjoining counties, and with the present ballot system many are liable to vote the entire ticket without realizing it. Voters should watch this very carefully because they can ill afford to allow a Democrat to step into Congress from this district even to help Mr. Emery. The Democrats when they endorsed Mr. Emery knew that it would have a tendency to help their chances of electing Democratic congressmen in this State and the Democrats would rather elect a few more representatives in Congress than to have a Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania. The Republican ticket as it stands is a good ticket, composed of honorable, upright men who are as much opposed to graft and dishonest politics as anyone in the Commonwealth, and it is the safest to vote the straight Republican ticket. Then you will be sure that you are not doing something that you may afterwards be sorry for.

Bad Moral Condition.

We are glad to endorse and call attention to the following well timed editorial comment from the Philadelphia Press:

The flash of Harry Thaw's pistol, as he shot Stanford White, did more than slay White and kill his reputation; it revealed the nether yet known depth in the life of great cities, past which good men and women daily go, turn aside and forget.

What is laid bare to the loathing gaze of the honest, the reputable, the respectable and the good by the tragedy in Madison Square Garden is something very like an organized, recognized maelstrom, which sucks in young women and men of all ages to destroy them. On one side of the whirlpool touches "art" and giddy young women like Evelyn Nesbit learn as models in the studio and the life class the habit of exposure and the appetite for admiration, which prepare them for worse things. On another side, the sweep of the whirlpool skirts the stage. The stimulated nudity of the musical comedy is much of it (not all nothing but bait for the manwolf, who is on the open trail for prey. The roof garden, the showy restaurant, the easy-going hotel—all these are part of the descending curves of this yawning whirlpool, which daily engulfs its hideous tribute of youth and maiden.

Society permits this. The respectable allow it. When now and then, the fouler social depths and nethermost depths of this human whirlpool are disturbed by "raid" or "reform," there are even good people who ask why this engulfing maelstrom cannot be left alone. "It has lasted a long while," they say. "You cannot help it. Let it be and go on to save last by feeding on human lives and loves."

But the end is what all the world is now seeing—murder, woe, unspeakable and a man—artist, distinguished, praised, known the world over, his fairly and beautiful buildings to carry ever after the viewless inscription that their beauty took root in a life which murder laid bare and whose sight left even men, but and calloused, shuddering.

It is idle for this man or men to imagine that this human whirlpool can be treated as a "necessary evil." It will doubtless long exist. Men are evil, have been and will be. But the statute book is crowded with laws which, if enforced, would at least make it impossible for murder to be the only key strong enough to unmask evil life.

In the light of this murder it is plain enough that disregarded law should be enforced and vice made odious by punishment. All the various efforts of raid and reform, all the agencies to protect young girls and deter young men, each and all should be supported, strengthened and encouraged, to the end that if this human whirlpool must devour those who aid it shall not for years wax in worldly honor and be accepted among the honorable on the earth.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 7, 1906:

Sport Ferguson, Mrs. Bessie Hodges, James Oliver, Miss Ida Spoonberg, Chas. Scott, Miss Pauline Wilson (3).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a Vermin powder. Sells for \$50 per can. Our price \$1 for 10 cans. No return on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send \$1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 568, Scranton, Pa.

Attention Elks.

Only \$27.50 from Buffalo to Denver and return via Nickel Plate Road. July 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. Good returning up to August 30th. Choice of routes beyond Chicago. For particulars write E. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or O. C. Lowry, T. F. A., Holland, N. Y.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Firemen's Association at Smethport.

On account of Kane withdrawing their invitation to the Northwestern Firemen's Association to meet in that city this year, Smethport bid for the convention, and at a meeting of the executive committee held in Bradford on the 21st ult. it was decided to accept Smethport's invitation and the convention will be held in that place August 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

Every member of the association should make it a point to be in Smethport, even if it was necessary to sleep on the court house lawn. Show Kane that the association amounts to something, and in turning it down she has missed a good thing. Remember the dates.—Austin Autograph.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P. S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of \$7.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:12 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

For Sale.

Farm, 430 acres, situate about four miles west of the village of Friendship, N. Y., on the main travelled highway between the villages of Friendship and Cuba; well watered, young orchard consisting of apple, pear, plum and cherry; sufficient wood for farm and building purposes, sixty head of stock and some other personal property. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Only small payment required down. Address Lock Box 153, Friendship, N. Y.

Low Round Trip Rates to Colorado and the Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road. In arranging for your trip to Colorado, the Pacific Coast or any point in the West, Northwest or Southwest, do not overlook the extremely low rates, convenient through coach, sleeper and dining car service offered by the Nickel Plate Road in connection with any route you may choose beyond Chicago. For full information write E. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or G. C. Lowry, T. F. A., Holland, N. Y.

Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara. The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. will run one of its popular low rate excursions to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Sunday, July 23. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:30 a. m. and returning leave Niagara Falls at 7:00 p. m. and Buffalo 8:00 p. m. The round trip fare will be only \$1.50 and tickets will also be good for return passage from Buffalo on regular trains Monday, July 23.

For Sale.

A desirable business place. Situated at Crosby on the Christian Hollow road near P. R. R. station. Plumber with both water and gas up stairs and in the store room. Containing counters, shelving, money drawers, paper rack, show cases and scales. Complete for business. Total valuation \$700, will sell for \$500. On account of going back to farm. VOLNEY F. DENBAR.

Subscribe for the MINER.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO	650	GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	9,458	\$ 4,188.21
January 1, 1905	13,217	11,009.70
April 1, 1905	17,404	49,253.08
July 1, 1905	19,013	87,809.09
August 1, 1905	20,530	100,307.05
September 1, 1905	21,030	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	23,561	138,000.15
November 1, 1905	25,423	158,273.60
December 1, 1905	27,255	182,858.90
January 1, 1906		222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, \$36,43 .00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from \$125 to \$1,000.
IT PAYS from \$5 to \$20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from \$100 to \$800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from \$50 to \$400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDED END 5 YRS.
No. 1	\$1.00	\$ 5.00	\$100.00	\$100.00	\$ 50.00	\$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.



Paint one house with any other paint you choose. Paint another with **Lucas Paint** (Tinted Gloss)

You'll find Lucas' is easier to apply, spreads further, protects the wood better, has a brighter gloss and keeps it longer. That's the test. Our guarantee on every package insures you absolute safety.

John Lucas & Co
Sixty years of paint-making
New York Philadelphia Chicago



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL \$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY MCCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find **Just What You Want.**

Full line of Trunks, Trunks, Suits, Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Dress—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Thas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

SUIT SALE

Men's Suits that will fit, wear and satisfy our customers at

\$10.00

See our display of Suits going at

\$10.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

PRE-INVENTORY SALE.

On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything
New, Stylish
Up-to-Date in
Merchant
Tailoring.
G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR
GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR. Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention. Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM
CAREFULLY AND
ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED
MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.
H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

THE LAST DAYS

Of our Important White Sale are going to be the best because they are going to show you VALUES.

This means money saved on anything in the line of White purchased at our store. Some lines of course are broken but many remain complete.

With these still left we will make Friday and Saturday, the last two days, the best shopping days of the Sale.

BECAUSE

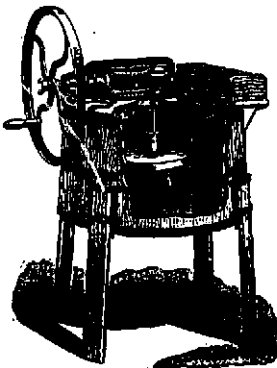
We offer values and when you see them you will agree.

DON'T FORGET. Everything white gets a gala day sure for

FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

The Lindholm Co.

THE DREAD OF BLUE MONDAY MADE EASY! WITH THE Boss Washer



The most perfect medium priced Washing Machine on market. Dasher reverses automatically turning the clothes back and forth through the suds, cleaning them without rubbing them to pieces. We will let one go on trial to responsible parties and if it will not do all we claim we will take it back. If it suits it will cost you only \$6.50

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF REDFIELD

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 12, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read Mrs. Hinman's new ad.
—A large bear was killed near Coudersport last week.
—The Potter County Journal was 57 years old last week. Long may it live and prosper.
—The members of the Baptist Sunday school are having a picnic at Riverhurst to-day.
—John Besse has three horses which he is working out at the McKean County Fair race track.
—These are the last days of the Lindholm Company's white sale. It will pay to look up their ad.
—J. Colegrove is advertising foods for picnic lunches, etc., in another column. It is a timely and seasonable ad.
—Bert Larson of Kane was brought here and lodged in jail last Friday. He is charged with threatening to kill his wife.
—The dry goods, clothing, hardware stores and plumbing shops will close at six o'clock p. m. until September 1st, except on Mondays and Saturdays.
—Our exchanges last week were full of Fourth of July accidents caused by the deadly cannon cracker and toy pistol. Nevertheless they will continue to be popular.
—Mrs. J. H. McCandless has purchased a new White steamer automobile of the Quinn & Sherman agency at Straights. F. P. Whelan is acting as chauffeur.

—The Rev. J. H. McCandless has been Rector of St. Luke's church 20 years next Sunday.
—A museum box containing about \$8 was cut open and the contents stolen from the M. E. church a few days ago. Stealing from a church is about the limit. The culprit has not been found.
—Eldred Eagle.

—A correspondent says: A very pleasant home gathering met in O. A. Cory's grove, Coryville, on July 4th. Much credit must be given Mrs. J. E. Cory and Miss Iva Adams in their efforts to have all enjoy themselves.

—Loss Johnson, who resided on Kinzua avenue, dropped dead while out watching his cow grazing on Thursday morning. He has been in failing health for some time. He is survived by a wife and two children.—Kane Republican.

—Bert Skinner, a prominent resident of Titusville and for 35 years a trusted employee of the National Oil Co., was struck by a flyer on the Pennsylvania railroad at Titusville yesterday afternoon and instantly killed. He was 62 years of age.

—Mrs. Charles Lemmer of this borough was operated upon for tumor and appendicitis at the Bradford hospital last Friday by Dr. Benninghoff, assisted by Dr. J. C. Brown of this place. The operation was successful and the patient is getting along as well as can be expected.

—According to State Superintendent Schaeffer's interpretation of the school laws, any township that does not have a township high school must pay the tuition of scholars who have passed the district school and wish to enter a high school, even if the high school is in another county.

—John Stark had the left side of his neck and his left ear quite badly burned while working at the fire last Saturday and has since had his head swathed in bandages. He was using a smoke and fire protector over his face and did not realize that his neck and ears were exposed until he got burned.

—Miss Winifred Roeder of Farmers Valley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder, will go to Canton, China, about the last of the month as a teacher and missionary. She is a graduate of a missionary school in Philadelphia and has a host of friends who will wish her success in her chosen vocation.

—A train of two trolley cars ran into an open switch at a siding a short distance out of Buffalo, last night and crashed into a trolley freight motor and a train of seven freight cars, which were lying on the siding. The impact was terrific. The foremost car was utterly demolished. The next number five and a score of people are injured.

—There is one man who doesn't have to go to the sea shore to get a summer tan. He is the horny handed son of toil, who gets up at 4 a. m. and works at farming until 9 p. m. daily. He is a votary of the simple life and an eight-hour day movement only seems to him like a fantastic dream. Summer vacations are not for the farmer man.—Era Random Notes.

—One hundred years ago the town of Friendship was born. The event will be celebrated in August. In 1806 a man named Friar settled there and others soon followed. Owing to frequent dissensions the settlement was called Fighting Corners, but later when the contending parties patched up a truce the name of Friendship was given the place and this name has stuck to it.

—A preacher in Leavenworth, Kansas, instead of flouting fault with ball players, advertised his meetings in this fashion: "If you are a 'fan' go to the Presbyterian church to-night and hear the Rev. Dr. Elwood Hue out a few hot ones." The house was crowded and many a piece of silver was put over the plate and into it. It pays to advertise in a manner that will attract attention.

—While it has not been officially given out, it is quite likely that in the exhibition base ball game between the New York National league champions of the world and the Bradford Interstate league club on Sunday, July 22, all four of Bradford's pitchers will be given a chance to show what they can do against the slugging Giants. Manager McGraw will pitch four of his men to show the local base ball patrons the different styles of his star pennant winning twirlers.—Bradford Star.

—A Smethport correspondent to the Bradford Era in his write-up of the corner stone laying of St. Elizabeth's church says: "Rev. J. F. Dugan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's, has on hand about \$20,000 in the building fund. The cost of the two buildings will be \$25,000." This correspondent is badly mistaken in his statement. In the building fund there is about \$7,000 cash and there has been about \$5,000 more subscribed which has not been paid in, making a total of about \$12,000 in sight instead of \$20,000.

—Mt. Jewett and the Kane Interstate team "cross bats" at Mt. Jewett this afternoon. Our pink compositor, who resides on the mountain, has got it figured out that by winning this game Mt. Jewett has a good chance of becoming the champions of the world. This is how he figures it: At present the New York Nationals are the champions and as Kane has won from Bradford if Bradford should beat the New Yorks on the 22d inst. and Mt. Jewett wins from Kane to-day that would give the championship to Mt. Jewett.

—A jolly party of young people left this morning for Casey's Grove, near Ceres, N. Y., where they will camp for two weeks. The party was chaperoned by Miss Carrie A. Day and is composed of the following: Misses Lois and Hazel Green, Olga and Mildred Gleason, Ruth

Maya, Maud Gleason, Messrs. Fred Biever, Myron Gallup, Jake Powell, Ed Glavin and Neil Gleason of Smethport; Misses Ruby Brown, Ada Lutra and Hattie Washburn of Friendship; Robert Raymond, Nelson and Lawrence Hackett of Ceres, and Miss Pearl Green of Olean.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer is visiting friends in Tidouate.

F. J. Masser returned from New York City on Saturday.

Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Ward Raymer is a guest of friends in Hazelhurst.

Miss Gertrude Wendell is visiting friends in Olean, N. Y.

Miss Grace of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. J. Heber McCandless.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cooper of Grimsby were in town Saturday.

Mrs. D. M. Shahan of Mt. Jewett visited in town on Tuesday.

Charlie Dotterweich of Olean was a Smethport visitor last week.

Miss Viola Badger returned home Tuesday from Port Allegany.

Miss Margaret Rice was the guest of her sister in Buffalo Monday.

Mrs. C. A. Burdick and son, Sidney, are Buffalo visitors this week.

E. R. Mayo left last evening for Philadelphia on a business mission.

Miss Minnie Smith of Jeannette, Pa., is the guest of friends in town.

Will Blake of Eldred is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Miss Smiley-Miller of Bradford was a guest of Miss Lois Young this week.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford passed Sunday with Smethport relatives.

Mrs. Hilton and Miss Hilton of Bradford were Smethport visitors this week.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin left Monday for a visit with relatives in Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. James Polk and two children of Eveleth, Minn., are guests of Mrs. Oscar Engstrom.

Miss Blanche Truman of Brookville is the guest of Dr. E. R. Baker and family this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford were visitors at the home of T. H. Morrison this week.

Charles Pelton and Max Robinson of Buffalo are visitors at the home of F. H. Hungerville.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and daughters returned to their home in Mt. Jewett Wednesday evening.

Misses Georgia and Genevieve Crosby of New York City are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. King of Port Allegany were visiting friends in town the forepart of the week.

Miss Emma Tretton left last Saturday for an extended visit with relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Kelley and children of Ormsby were visiting at the home of Jas. McGowan Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport passed Sunday in town, returning home in their auto Monday.

Paul Hammond of Port Allegany is visiting at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Mrs. E. T. Albert and son, Herbert, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mrs. Albert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Shook.

Miss Edna Keenan, who is a teacher in the New York City schools, is passing the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Miss Emogene McGowan left Wednesday for Buffalo where she is to enter a children's hospital and become a trained nurse. Her mother, Mrs. Jas. McGowan, accompanied her.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer.

Mrs. CARRIE CLARK.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

If You Wear PANTS PANTS PANTS

You save from 75c to \$1.50 on each pair if you buy this week at

WM. MONHEIMER'S

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

July Clearing Sale.

We are finishing up our Goods now. Big price reductions on many lines of hot weather goods we expect will soon empty our shelves for the fall goods which will arrive ere long.

These are all new goods purchased for this season's selling—no out-of-date accumulations. It will pay you to come early.

Lot No. 1.	Lot No. 4.
200 yards Oriental lace, 2 to 5 in. wide, were 10c. Sale price per yd. 5c	95c White Linen Parasols. 75c 1.50 " " " 1.13 1.50 " " " 1.13
Lot No. 2.	Lot No. 5.
2,500 yds Torchon Laces, 3 to 4 in. wide, were 5c. Sale price per yd. 3 1/2c	Ladies Tailored Suits and coats from \$7 to \$10.50, 1/4 less than regular prices.
Lot No. 3.	Lot No. 5.
40 Shirt Waists, white and colors, regular dollar values. Sale price 78c	Men's 50c Balbriggan Shirts & Drawers, lt. blue and tan. Sale price each 38c

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

BARGAIN SALE

Beginning Saturday, July 14, ending Saturday, July 21.

We now offer a large assortment of white shirt waists, the popular Peter Pan waists and shirt waist suits—both white and colors, made up in the latest styles, also one lot wash skirts at a great reduction in price.

Don't miss this money saving opportunity while preparing for the warm days which are sure to come.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve

Fountain Pen.

FOR Picnic Lunches

PICKLES Bottle or Bulk OLIVES Stuffed or Plain GRAPE JUICE SALAD DRESSING BAKED BEANS

TRY OUR WAFERS IN PACKAGES

CHEESE SANDWICHES, 10c SALTINES, 10 and 15c
SPONGE LADY FINGERS, 10c VANILLA WAFERS, 10c
FIG NEWTONS, 10c ZU ZU, 5c
NABISCO, 10c FESTINO, 25c

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan Palmer House, 85c 20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 80c Black Coffee 10, 0, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

KITTY'S KISSES

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1901, by Huby Douglas

"It's for charity, Jack," reminded Katherine.

"It has always been said," he retorted, "that charity covers a multitude of sins."

"You are impolite," she scolded. "I am sure you might know that I would not do anything wrong. If I want to sell kisses for a dollar apiece, I don't see why you should object. You have not established a monopoly—yet."

"I don't know that I am particularly anxious to," he said coldly. "What first attracted me to you was the fact that in spite of your popularity not a breath of scandal had ever touched you. Now you purpose selling your kisses at a dollar each for the St. Mark's fund, and you are surprised that I should object."

"Because you should know me well enough to be assured that I would not do such a thing unless I was satisfied that it was proper."

"There may be a divergence of opinion as to the propriety," he said. "I must insist, or—"

"I guess it might as well be or," she laughed. "When you assume such a tragic pose it shows that you are in need of a lesson."

She held out the ring, and without a word he took it and left the room.

Before he had descended the steps Preston was inclined to go back and apologize, but he felt sure that the breaking of the engagement would be a sharper lesson than any argument. Somehow he did not fare well when argued with Kitty. She never lost her temper, and this always put him at a disadvantage.

The announcement that Katherine Elliott was to sell her kisses at the St. Mark's fair had its intended effect. Kitty was the undisputed belle of her circle, and more than one unfortunate swain wondered why she did not de-



HE PUSHED PRESTON THROUGH THE CURTAIN.

mand at least \$5. There were many who thought it would be well worth more than that to kiss Kitty.

The fact that it was rumored that Thurman Preston had broken his engagement because Kitty had refused to withdraw her offer added to the interest, and long before the fair was opened Kitty's kisses were the talk of the town.

Thurman had not meant to attend, but somehow he could not stay away. For one thing there was always the hope that Kitty might repent even at the eleventh hour, but Preston knew Kitty too well to believe that she would give up now.

He was one of the first to put in an appearance, and as he entered almost his first glance fell upon a curtained recess over the entrance to which was a sign reading:

KISS, BUT DON'T TELL.

It was bad enough to think of Kitty kissing all who were willing to pay a dollar, but that curtained room was the last straw. He stationed himself beside the booth and presently Kitty appeared.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to be my first customer?" she gasped. "That would spoil it all, I shan't let you in yet."

"I have no desire to patronize this feature," he said icily. "My aid shall be given in a more seemly manner."

"Mrs. McEwan has charge of the booth where bachelor luxuries are set forth. There are some stunning sofa cushions and smoking jackets. Do you know her, or shall I introduce you?"

"I have sent in a check," he said. "If I annoy you here I shall be glad to take my departure."

He moved on, but it was hard to keep away from the spot, and presently he found himself again in the vicinity of the booth.

In the meantime a crowd had gathered, and each seemed to be waiting sheepishly for some one to break the ice. It was several minutes before Tom Meeker paid his dollar and passed through the curtains to an accompaniment of advice from those less bold. There was a strained silence for a moment, then a man's laugh, and a second later Meeker appeared.

"Did you get it, Tom?" demanded some one.

"I can prove it to you," he laughed.

"Only I promised not to tell. Better go in and see for yourself."

The inquirer paid up his dollar and went in, and presently they were crowding about the booth. Preston moved away. He could not stand there and see the men crowding up to pay for the privilege of kissing the girl he loved, and he realized for the first time that she was breaking his heart.

Several times he sought to leave, but each time something held him back, and he made his dismal rounds of the hall, now making a purchase at some stall, now rousing himself with a snarl to realize that he had drifted back to the vicinity of the booth.

He knew that he was the subject of almost as much comment as was Kitty herself, and he resented the remarks he knew were being made, but he could not leave, nor could he gain the courage to approach the booth.

It was not until well toward the close of the evening that Tom Meeker ran across him. "Find your kiss yet?" he demanded. "Say, it's great, isn't it?"

"I have no desire to purchase kisses," said Preston stiffly.

Meeker looked up in surprise. "You can't afford to miss this," he said. "I'll stand treat. Come on."

Preston resisted, but Meeker was a giant in strength and fairly dragged him across the hall to the booth. The crowd had dropped away, for most of the visitors had paid their dollar, but there were still a number about as Meeker came up with his victim.

"Thurman Preston's going to get his," he announced cheerfully. "He says he's opposed to kissing, but I'm going to stand treat." He threw a dollar on the table and pushed Preston through the curtains.

Kitty greeted him with a smile. "Come for your kiss?" she asked briskly. "I thought you couldn't stay away."

"I had no desire to come," he said severely. "That young fool Meeker insisted upon making an ass of himself by forcing my presence."

"Now, that's too bad that you should be compelled to let another man pay for your kiss," she laughed. "I had hoped that I would get a dollar from you."

Preston regarded her curiously. She had caught up a tiny jar and was rubbing some red paste upon her lips. "How will you have yours?" she demanded, "full or cornerwise?"

"I tell you I don't want any," he insisted.

"You've got to have one," she laughed. "Since you have no choice I'll give you a full face."

She caught up a card and pressed it to her lips, leaving an indistinct redish imprint. "You must not tell any one the joke," she commanded. "There are still some I have not sold yet. It's the latest English fad, you know, but it's not half so bad as it sounds."

"Why did you let me make such a fool of myself?" he cried.

"You needed a lesson," explained Kitty. "I think it was good for you to worry a little. Now, if you'll give me a ring I'll give you a real kiss."

He handed her the ring and she offered her lips. He started back. "You'll have to take that red stuff off," he suggested.

Kitty smiled up at him. "Don't you want to turn the laugh on Tom Meeker?" she suggested. "It will serve to announce our re-engagement."

"Put it on thick," he urged.

No Pleasure Trips For Them.

An amusing scene was witnessed one day last summer in a country town. An old lady, with her companion, drove up in a large hearse and stopped opposite a huge red brick building.

Her ring was answered by an official in uniform.

"I am coming," she began, "to take the inmates for a picnic in the green fields and flowery meadows. It's a beautiful day, and it will do them a world of good, cooped up as they are in this building day after day."

The official gasped for breath. Never in all his long experience had he heard such a cool request. He simply gazed at her in astonishment.

"They can't come, madam," was all he could utter.

"Yes, they can. Let them all come—every one of them."

"We never let them out," he added in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, yes, you do! I met two of the dear old men just now in their long smock frocks."

A whole flood of light suddenly burst upon the astonished attendant. He saw everything clearly now.

"Ah, I see!" replied he. "You want the workhouse. It's just around the corner. This is the county jail."

London Graphic.

He Thought Quickly.

The late speaker of the national house of representatives, David B. Henderson, spent most of his life on the battlefield and in congress, but a portion of it was devoted to a willingness to practice law. His early professional experiences were not materially different from those of most young lawyers. Finally he was retained in an estate case which involved large interests. The future speaker was mighty hard up, and he was seriously thinking of asking the heirs to pay his bill, which he had never rendered. He was meditating whether to charge them \$200 or \$800 when one of the heirs, representing them all, stepped briskly into his office and, taking out a roll of five hundred dollar bills, said, "Mr. Henderson, I want to pay your bill."

and commenced laying down these five hundred dollar bills until he had \$2,500 before the astonished young lawyer. Looking up at Mr. Henderson the heir said, "Is that enough?" And the lawyer, with that self possession which subsequently made him famous, calmly said, "Feel off another one and we will call it square."—Harper's Weekly.

TRICKS OF ORATORY

DEVICES USED BY NOTED SPEAKERS TO GAIN A POINT.

The Effect Demosthenes Attained by Announcing His Words—The Trick Into Which the Eloquent Cicerone Drew a Witness.

One wonders of Demosthenes whether he ever in after years resumed a set purpose that habit of stammering which he had taken such heroic means to eradicate. A stammer is a most of effective trick sometimes, and we know that Alcibiades found his lip by means the least useful of his many winning ways. The trick in oratory combines both the conventional meanings of the word. It is sometimes a habit, sometimes a will, sometimes both.

Addison tells a capital story of a trick in forensic oratory. At Westminster hall "there was a counselor who never pleaded without a piece of pack thread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days called it 'the thread of his discourse,' for he was not able to utter a word without it" as a foolish client proved once to his own cost, for he stole the thread, and his advocate came to utter grief.

Another clever sort of trick, the "taking dodges," to borrow a phrase from the vernacular, is the more generally interesting. The classic instance which naturally occurs to every one is Burke's famous "dazzle scene" in the house of commons when he emphasized his peroration regarding the rights of man by dramatically throwing a dagger on the floor of the house as an example of the methods of the apostles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

One of the tricks credited to Sheridan was very much on the lines of a famous "saw" of classic times. A member whose admiration for the brilliant statesman was not tempered with discretion greatly annoyed Sheridan by continually ejaculating, "Hear, hear!" without rhyme or reason. Sheridan determined to give him a lesson. At the close of one of his speeches, demurely of some individual, he used the words, "Where shall we find a more foolish knife or a more knavish foot than his?"

"Hear, hear!" came as usual from the throng of enthusiasts. Sheridan bowed, thanked him for so obligingly supplying the required information and resumed his seat.

And long centuries before Demosthenes, involving against an opponent who was suspected of receiving subsidies from the court of Persia, passionately asked the crowded audience, "Is he not Mithotus—a hireling?" But as then he inadvertently he mispronounced the words so obviously that the audience shouted out corrections from all points—"Misthotos! Misthotos!" the effect of which was to make the citizens themselves apply the opprobrious epithet.

Not very dissimilar in character is one of the many tricks attributed to Curran. He was engaged on a case wherein the principal witness on the other side was a gentleman of position whose evidence, if accepted, would be conclusive. In his opening speech Curran inveighed with all the bitterness and eloquence in his power against the chief witness for the other side, but without actually mentioning his name. When the time came for the witness—A. Mr. Leger—to be sworn Curran interposed in the blandest way that this was surely a needless formality. Mr. Leger's character was such that he felt sure the jury would accept his simple assertion. The unfortunate man fell into the trap. "I am glad, Mr. Curran, you have a better opinion of me now than when you first spoke."

"You admit, then, sir, that, though I named no names, you recognized my description as applying to yourself?"

Another of Curran's oratorical tricks is not unlike one Sheridan perpetrated on the house. In this case the last speaker, it will be remembered, had wound up his speech with a classical quotation, which, to judge from the plaudits it received, made a most effective point. Sheridan in his reply regretted the honorable member had not completed the quotation. He would do so himself, and the house would then see how fatal to the contention of the honorable member was the authority he had cited, whereupon Sheridan with magnificent dramatic effect recited a sonorous piece of gibberish! And the house applauded vigorously.

Curran's trick was at the expense of a preternaturally stupid jury. The judge happened to be a consummate classical scholar and, knowing Curran to be the same, was naturally astounded on hearing him quote a piece of Latin as coming from the Plantagenet of the historian Hesiod! "You mean Latin poet, Mr. Curran. Hesiod was a Greek, a poet and not a historian, and I don't whether he ever wrote a work called the Plantagenet. The lines are Juvenal's." "Hesiod, my lord, I assure you, and Greek, not Latin." "You must be out of your senses, Mr. Curran, or think I am out of mine. The lines are Latin." "Well, my lord, I can only suggest that we leave it as an issue for the jury, and I'll be bound they will find it Greek." The trick was perfectly effectual.—London Globe.

A Chesterfield Retort.

When Lord Chesterfield was in his last illness and his death was only a matter of a few weeks, his physician advised him to go for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out. As the equipage was proceeding slowly along it was met by a lady, who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid, "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out!" "I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield. "I am simply rehearsing my funeral."

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Novelty Restaurant.

New York County.

MAKING PORCELAIN.

The Most Exciting and Romantic Trade in the World.

The maker of porcelain and pottery has decidedly the most exciting and romantic trade in the world. The great factories of Sevres and Dresden were founded by Bernard Palissy. This man invented white enamel, but it took him sixteen years to make the invention—sixteen years of hunger, misery and persecution, which culminated in the episode, well known in the play of "The Middleman," wherein Palissy maintained his furnace fire by burning all the furniture in his house and finally opened the furnace door to find within the glaze which he had sought throughout the best years of his life.

Bottinger invented hard porcelain. He was an alchemist, and one day, chancing to discover that his powdered wig was unusually heavy, he inquired the cause and found that the weight was due to the knolls with which the wig was powdered. This knoll was the substance for lack of which Bottinger's investigations had for years failed.

When Elers opened a porcelain factory at Burslem he employed none but the most stupid and illiterate workmen, so that his secret processes might not become known. But Samuel Astbury resolved to learn the Elers method, and, affecting ignorance and stupidity, he got a place in the factory, mastered all of Elers' secrets and eventually opened a plant of his own, wherein he duplicated in every detail the work of Elers.—Exchange.

MANY, MANY DOCTORS.

A Sixteenth Century Wager That Might Be Won Today.

The story is told in Joubert's "Popular Errors Concerning Medicine," published at Bordeaux, France, in 1570, that one Gonville, a jester at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, insisted once upon a time that the trade which had the most followers was that of doctor. To prove his assertion he left his home one morning to go to the palace with his nightcap on and his jaws wrapped up. The first person he met stopped him with the question, "What is the matter with you, Gonville?" "A terrible toothache," "Oh, is that all? I'll tell you what will cure it." And every person he met had some advice to give him.

When the jester reached the duke's chamber, the same question and answer were repeated. "Ah," said the prince, "I know of something that will take the pain right away." Gonville instantly threw up his hand, saying, "And you, too, monseigneur, are a doctor? I have only passed through one street in coming from my house to you and have counted more than 200 of them. I believe I could find them in the city." Whether the story is true or false, it could be told again in our days, and Gonville would win his wager without dispute.

The Stars Were Once Human Eyes.

The most remarkable belief or superstition concerning the human eye is one that is current in Australia. Among the natives of that country it is the general belief that the left eye of every chief becomes a star the moment the chief in question is done with. The sun, they say, is the eye of the "greater god" and the moon the eye of the "lesser god." All the stars were once the left eyes of human beings of high rank. Shungie, a celebrated chief, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliancy of his own "eye star." But the eye burned through Shungie's belly and killed him, whereupon his own left eye became joined to the one he had eaten, and the two may now be seen as a beautiful double star lying just to the east of the Southern Cross.

Liquid Corn.

An customer was prospecting in the north Georgia mountains when he came on a native apparently clinging to the side of a steep hill tilling corn.

The prospector stopped for a chat, and the mountaineer, nothing loath for a rest in the shade from his fatiguing toil, was agreeable.

"Say, friend, how in the world do you get the corn down off that hillside after it is ready for harvest?" asked the stranger.

"In juus," was the laconic and probably truthful reply.—Atlanta Georgian.

Seals Learning to Swim.

Young seals do not know how to swim. They have to become gradually accustomed to the water either by entering it to paddle about by themselves or by being carried into it in their mothers' jaws. They have great fear of the waves that break into foam, and as soon as they see one approaching take to flight in terror and do not turn round until they have ascended to a very high place above the sea.

It Happens.

"You are a very successful prophet," we said, "Will you tell us the secret of your success?"

"Certainly," the sage replied in a kindly tone. "As it is always the unexpected that happens, I merely prophesy the unexpected."—American Spectator.

Forethought.

Winebiddle—I hear that you dictated to your new typewriter an impassioned love letter to another girl. Gilderleeve—Yes, it was a scintillating sweetheart. I wanted to slip in the bad my designs she might have on me in a matrimonial way.—London Mail.

Give Up.

When a burglar asks the conundrum, "Where's your money?" it is generally the wisest plan to give it up.

A virtue always outweighs a talent.

—Mormonism.

A FISH HOOK.

The One You Should Buy and the Test You Should Try.

The most common flaw in the temper of the hook. Some hooks are brittle and break easily. There are other hooks still that bend, and bend so easily that they "straighten" on every big fish, and yet other hooks that bend, but bend so hard that a big fish never flexes them and they only straddle, and come away when the full tension of the line is laid upon them if caught on a trout, snail or tree limb. These last are the hooks to buy—if you can find them—and the hard breaking hooks classify next in merit. Tests by the eye are quite useless, as so many hooks carry exactly the same tints in blue or black. Test the hook instead by the hand, catching the point in a firm bit of wood and trying it out both by the hand, firm pull and by the jerk. Watch particularly in this trial for weakness at the foot of the barb, where the wire is apt to be attenuated overmuch and the whole point give way on a strong fish, especially if hooked in bone or very hard scale. What vast depths of another proximity, in spirit if not in word, have been stirred up, but on bank when the potatoes—hook comes away from the hand played fish must be left to memory.—Outline Magazine.

At the Hotel.

Mr. Verdant Let's try this here hemlock at the end of the programme. Say, waiter, bring us some hemlock. Mrs. Verdant—Now, par, you promised me you wouldn't take nothing stronger'n tea or coffee.—Baltimore American.

Unappreciated Liberty.

"You are going to be tried before a very liberal judge," said a lawyer to his client.

"I am glad of that."

"You needn't be. If you are found guilty he'll give you all the penalty the law allows."

Official Directory.

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Auditor General—E. R. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

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Member of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinley, Bradford.

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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smithport.
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Treasurer—J. L. Eastman, Smithport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smithport.

County Treasurer—D. D. Weaver, Smithport.
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County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lave, Oxford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.

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County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smithport.

BOARDS.

Burrows—Charles McKean.
Common Pleas—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. Lena B. McKean, Alfred; Edward A. McKean, A. McKean; J. F. McKean, James McKean; J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
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High Constable—Andrew Ness.

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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—H. H. Freeman.
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Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, E. H. Bangville.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 38, meets on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
F. & A. M.—Redfield Lodge, No. 38, meets on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

L. O. F.—Smithport Lodge, No. 38, meets on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

L. O. F.—Smithport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in L. O. F. Hall.

G. B. BAUMER, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.

B. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at 7:30 p. m. in L. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Pres't.

A. O. U. W.—Smithport Lodge, No. 182, meets every evening of each month in Kerna Hall.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smithport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. in L. O. F. Hall.

F. R. FOSTER, R. E.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in L. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

LIZZIE F. HOLMES, R. E.

C. M. E. A.—Smithport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.

THOMAS CLARK, R. E.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. JANE N. FOSYTH, Pres.

Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smithport Branch, No. 31, meets on every Tuesday evening in L. O. F. Hall.

CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phonetic Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

Mrs. MARIA CANTER, W. M.

Mrs. ELLA MOOREHEAD, Sec'y.

L. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in L. O. F. Hall. Admission degree 1st Monday, 2nd degree 2nd Monday, 3rd degree 3rd Monday.

L. E. HOGARTH, C. of E.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Open meeting Sunday at 10:30 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Junior League at 2 p. m.; Epworth League at 3:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Special—J. Heber McCandless, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on Monday. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.

St. Paul's—Rev. J. H. McCallister, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and

APRIL SHOWERS

By FRANK H. SWEET

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There was a swift turn with scarcely any slackening of speed, the two outer wheels an inch above the ground, as they swung the corner, then the automobile settled down to a long, straight run.

"Do you think we can make it, Mr. Townsend?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Make it"—lightly—"of course we can. It isn't over ten or twelve miles, and we can go at a snail's pace and do that in thirty minutes, and those clouds yonder are not halfway up the sky yet."

The girl's face showed relief. "I suppose it's foolish," she said, "but I do hope to get caught in a rain. And—do you know or, rather, probably you don't know—it's a sort of life and death affair for a girl with a brand new hat and costume to get mixed up in a shower. Every true woman can



"Oh, you dear boy!"

sympathize with the girl who saved her hat at the expense of a month under a doctor's care."

"We'll save yours without the expense of so much as a bath," he responded.

But he reckoned without thought of the month.

Ten minutes, and the clouds had not rolled up appreciably higher. Then, suddenly a rain drop splashed against the girl's face, followed by a dash of water that dripped an ostrich feather toward her eyes. The girl's hands flew to her hatpins, but before they could be withdrawn the rain was coming down in torrents, and the hands fell to her side with a tragic motion of helplessness. Both shot a quick glance behind. There were no dark clouds rolling up and above them. On all sides save where the clouds were creeping up in front the sky was blue, but overhead a slight patch of mist had obscured the sky, but not so thickly as entirely to shut out the blue. The man scowled understandingly.

"It's April," he said, "and a crack opened in the sky just wide enough for a cloud to pop out. Human foresight isn't proof against that. And your dress, too. I'm sorry, Miss Ellis."

"Yes, so am I," quizzingly, her good humor quickly returning. "The costume was only sent home this morning, and I counted on it helping me out at the house party next week. What shall we do?"

"Search for shelter. I have already doubled speed. There, as a white spot showed under some trees in the distance, 'that's a house, I think. No,' as they rushed nearer, 'it's a small hotel. We'll stop there.'"

Another two minutes and they had swung from the road and across the lawn, up to the very door, without regard to path or grass, and Mr. Townsend threw himself from the car and lifted her almost bodily to the shelter of the little piazza. Then he started back toward the car.

"I'll run up to the city and get you a change of clothing," he called hurriedly. "I can go to your house and be back in half an hour. Meanwhile go in somewhere away from the air."

But she threw up a hand protestingly. "What nonsense!" she cried. "The shower'll be over in five minutes. See, it's already breaking away; and just as soon as the sun is out it will be warm again. I would rather go on with you." She glanced down at her wet garments ruefully. "It wouldn't be any satisfaction staying here," she added. "You may see if you can borrow me some kind of wrap, though."

He hesitated, then stepped with her into the hotel. Leaving her in the parlor, he went to the office. As he entered a young lady appeared at a side door. After a moment their eyes met, then both sprang forward.

"Edith!" he cried delightedly. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night. We didn't stop over at Washington, as planned. One of our party knew about this quiet little hotel, and we came straight here for a few days' rest. It's funny to meet you so soon, though, but it saves me sending a message into the city after you. My friend leaves tomorrow, and we're planning a little home party tonight as a sort of farewell. No, never mind your clothes," as she saw him glance down at them significantly. "We can

find a change for you in the hotel. You can't leave us now we've got you. Oh, you dear boy," bending forward and kissing him, regardless of the two or three men in the room, "I am glad to see you! Now stay here just a minute while I run up and get Jennie. She wants to meet you."

"Told on; wait a minute!" called Mr. Townsend, suddenly recollecting himself. But the young lady was gone. He returned to the parlor, the wrap forgotten. His companion was not there.

"The lady you came in with has just left," said an attendant. "She asked about a train for the city, and I told her one was at the depot just ready to start. The depot's right behind the hotel. There," as the pulling of an engine came to them, "it's going now. She left this note."

Townsend snatched the note and read:

Mr. Townsend—I was standing by the door and saw the girl kiss you. For an instant I was surprised. Then I remembered I had known you only a month. Thank you for the auto ride. Sincerely, BETTY ELLIS.

Townsend smothered an exclamation and sprang down the steps to his automobile, not even stopping to pick up his hat. Three minutes later the young lady re-entered the office.

"Where's the gentleman I was talking with a few minutes ago?" she asked of the clerk.

"Gone off in his auto," the clerk replied politely. "Seemed in a hurry."

The young lady stared, then her eyes filled with tears, and she turned hurriedly and left the room.

Meanwhile Townsend was defying all consequences of speed in his mad rush to the city, forgetful that the train was being rapidly left behind. When he reached the residence of Miss Ellis he was stopping at a way station three miles away. He slipped into the vestibule, wet and miserable.

A half hour later her carriage drove up and stopped beside his automobile. He was at the carriage door when it opened. As she saw him Miss Ellis recoiled, her face darkening.

"You here," she began.

"It was my sister you saw," he broke in hurriedly and incoherently, "just my sister Edith; and—"

"I thought she was in Mexico," he said.

"She was, but they got back earlier than expected. And now I suppose she is cross, too, from the way I left."

Miss Ellis waited inquiringly, but as he explained her face cleared like the sky after the shower. When he finished she was smiling.

"I think we can make it all right, Harry," she said. "She never had used that name before. You run on to your hotel and put on dry clothing, and I will go in and do the same. He back here in half an hour or so, and we'll go out to the hotel and spend the evening. Your sister will laugh with us when she hears the explanation. Harry?"

Harry Townsend did hurry, and now his own face was as clear as the unclouded sky.

"Blessed old April shower!" he cried as he sprang into his automobile. "It helped me on with Miss Ellis more than a year of ordinary acquaintance could have done."

The Nutmeg.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing wild in Asia, Africa and America. The cultivated nutmeg tree is from fifty to seventy feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resembles candied citron. Within is the nut, encased in a curious yellowish red net known to us as mace. To prepare the seeds for use they are dried in a moderate heat for about two months. Then the shells are broken and the nutmegs picked out and assorted, the inferior ones being reserved for the oil press. As the essential oil of nutmeg brings a high price, dishonest grocers often steep the nutmegs in hot water to extract the oil from them. They are then coated with lime and sent into the channels of commerce. Such nutmegs are worthless, their aroma and pungency having disappeared, these qualities being due exclusively to the oil. If on inserting a pin no oil rushes out to the surface, the nutmeg is, to all intents and purposes, a wooden nutmeg.

He Knew the Game.

A Kenwood man consented the other day to go to the military department for the purpose of helping his wife decide on a hat. After much trying on the lady decided on two hats from which to make her selection. One of them was \$24, the other \$10.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly, George," she said, "which of these two you would advise me to get?"

Then she put one on after the other and permitted him to view her from in front, each side and from behind.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "The one you had on first looks to me as if it might be more stylish and nice, but the second one makes you look much younger than you do in the other."

He had wasted an hour, but he saved \$8.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Short Lived Insects.

The wonderful brevity of insect life is curiously illustrated in the case of those that prey upon different species of mushrooms. The life of the mushroom itself is measured by hours, yet it is often entirely ruined by an insect which deposits its eggs upon the fungi while it is in the vigor of youth. The entire span of life of this mushroom insect is so brief that the grub hatch from the eggs and the creature becomes fully developed and capable of laying eggs itself before the mushroom dies, even though the latter's life may not extend over a period of forty-eight hours from the moment it first pushes through the soil.

GIFTS IN ABYSSINIA.

Officials Will Take Them If They Are Presented in the Right Way.

The agent of the British government who visited Abyssinia some years ago wished to return the favor of a native official by some suitable present. The bestowal of this was, however, a matter quite beyond the knowledge of one brought up in the court circles of western civilization. His experience was instructive.

"The arrangement was badly handled," he says, "and when I arrived several persons besides the high official were present. After a few light topics had been discussed I mentioned my object in making the visit, and as no offer was made to dismiss the bystanders I exhibited my donation."

"In an instant I was aware that I had made a false step. A frozen of mingled surprise and indignation clouded the high official's brow, and tones of forthright integrity denigrated the proffered gift, while strong inward feeling found vent in a rocking motion of his body."

"You have utterly misunderstood me," said he. "The friendliness which I have shown you has been extended solely with pure motives of kindness to the stranger in the land. Devotion to my sovereign and country is amply repaid by the internal consciousness of rectitude. Your intentions are doubtless good, but greater happiness will await me from the knowledge that you will now recognize how disinterested my conduct has been."

"My offering was firmly waved away, and for some period his frame continued shaken by inward emotion, to the great edification of the bystanders, whose eyes remained fixed on the ground."

"It was undoubtedly very disconcerting, and my apologies for so great a mistake were profuse. I declared that I could not quit this abode until restored calmness had given me the assurance that his feelings had recovered their usual serene tone. As fortunately this soon happened, I left, properly enraged at the miserable management which had occasioned the awkwardness."

"Naturally I expected a native authority who had witnessed the transaction and the mistake which I had committed, but he was so tickled by the circumstances that I extracted from him for some time little but laughter. His eventual view of matters was confined in a few words:

"Try again, but take more and have no witnesses."

"On the next day I returned, the governor alone, and I presented the subject of my gift, and he said:

"From the first I saw that when I saw you I had a presentiment that you were ordained to be great friends. I do not know if Europeans have these superstitions, but with us they are general, and we do not find them deceptive. You may have heard—and I am aware it is generally stated of us by foreigners—that we are deceitful and unscrupulous. Do not believe this. All countries contain bad men, and your experience has perhaps been unfortunate. But we shall remain always friends. And what are presents, after all, but external emblems of esteem?"

"There were no difficulties on this occasion. He was obviously much pleased and finally said that the blessing of Providence would be sure to attend the exertions of a man who was thoughtful of the saddened circumstances of others, and he was 'poor, very poor.'—Youth's Companion.

"Division" in Parliament.

When a division is called a bell rings to enable all M. P.'s to collect from the smoking room, the library, etc. Then the outer door is closed, and the speaker puts the question. There is a shout of "Aye!" and of "No!" on which he declares that either the one or the other "has it." If it is challenged he says, "The 'ayes' to the right, the 'noes' to the left." This means that the "ayes" and the "noes" go into respective lobbies.

This takes some time, for they go leisurely. When at length they are both within their respective pews all the doors leading to them are closed, and after a minute or two the one door through which the prisoners in each lobby are to make their exit is opened. Before reaching the exit they have to pass on either side of a desk at which two clerks sit and check off on a printed list of members those who vote. After this they pass in single file through the exit door, which is a few yards from this desk. Just outside this exit door stand two tellers, one representing the "ayes" and one the "noes." Their business is to call aloud one, two, three, four, and so on, as the members pass. Consequently for each division four tellers are necessary, two for the "aye" lobby and two for the "no" lobby.—London Truth.

An Old Family Society.

The Buchanan society, as the name denotes, is composed of individuals of the name and clan of Buchanan and is the oldest named society in Scotland. It was instituted in Glasgow so far back as 1725. At a friendly meeting of some of the name of Buchanan held there on March 5 of that year the following proposal was made:

"That the name of Buchanan, being now the most numerous name in the place, and many poor boys of that name, who are found to be of good genius, being lost for want of good education, a fund might be begun and carried on by the name, the interest of which in time might enable some of them to be useful in church and state."

This society has since gone on with almost uninterrupted success. It has attained a position of high importance and is of great practical use.—London Notes and Queries.

Testing Prudence

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Berkeley Marshall leaned luxuriously back in the slushy chair, hoisted his feet to the foot and blew a ring of smoke ceilingward from his cigar. "To recapitulate," he began, directing his remarks to the calendar which hung on the wall and from which stared back at him the face of a supposedly beautiful young woman with a fixed and sunny smile, "your left ear is considerably out of drawing. I beg your pardon, I'm not an artist. I'm a civil engineer, or will be next June. And that isn't what I started out to remark."

"To recapitulate, I have peddled maps over three states, and the net profits of these adventures are \$531.02. I have a steady job during the college year waiting on table at three per cent and found. Furthermore, I have a dress suit and clothes and ties and things. Further yet, I have an invitation from my cousin, Torrence Marshall, to spend a week with him at Sylvan Cove, the swiftest resort on this little old ocean. It is now Saturday night, Sept. 15, and college opens up the 25th."

"The question seems to be shall I go on peddling maps and accumulating more filthy lucre, which I may possibly need; shall I go home, which is 300 miles away; to college, which is 450, or to Sylvan Cove, which is under a hundred and where pretty young women, it is presumed, abound?"

In due parliamentary form the Sylvan Cove question was put and carried unanimously, whereupon the boy—was a little more bowed gravely to the calendar lady and thanked her for her kindness in voting with him. Then he ran down the stairs of the country hotel to consult the time table, for he was in a hurry to be off.

Marshall found Sylvan Cove in the elaborate simplicity of summer resort development. Everything was costly, but very plain, for the Cove was inhabited each season mainly by wealthy people who had become accustomed to their money.

On the first day of his stay Marshall naturally confided to his cousin that he believed Prudence Fairchild to be the prettiest girl at the Cove, whereupon Torrence grinned and replied, "Stung, are you?"

"On the second day he learned that she could swim like a seal and golf like a Scot. That evening, by virtue of four canoes which she generously gave him at the pavilion party, his stock of knowledge was augmented by the fact that Miss Prudence danced like a fairy."

His opinion of the tanned, red-lipped and wholesome young woman deepened and changed as the next morning, when he discovered that her taste in books and tennis rackets was identical with his own. When Torrence informed him later, however, that her father, Rufus Fairchild, was credited with more millions than there were letters to his name the young man experienced a novel and entirely unpleasant shaking of the heart.

His own financial situation did not trouble Marshall, in fact, he found humor in his poverty. Marshall's father had been rich until an industrial hurry had left him broken and penniless. Berkeley himself, a natural engineer and in love with the profession he had chosen, felt the present stir of genius within him, vague but real. His teachers predicted great things of him, and with the knowledge of his own powers and his burning desire to achieve, fame and wealth were merely around the next corner.

Yet the fact of Miss Fairchild's wealth depressed him. "I've almost monopolized her since I've been here," he told himself, "and she'll think it's the blooming money. I suppose half this bunch that's hanging around her would marry a Digger Indian for the old man's pile. I wish she were poor!"

The latter apprehension and sincere remark revealed to Marshall that he was dangerously near being in love.

A certain sensitive pride, for he had a morbid fear that his attitude might be misconstrued, kept Marshall out of the girl's presence most of the time thereafter. Maybe she understood, for the possession of much money often brings a woman bitter wisdom; maybe it was a feminine desire to repay him for his aloofness; at any rate, Miss Fairchild contrived to give Marshall a glance at parting, as he left her cool little hand, that thrilled his every pulse. It was like the song of a nightingale or the scent of June roses. And the memory moved him again and again that winter as he built theoretical bridges in the class room or delivered vegetable soup in the hotel dining room.

Now, a look such as that from a girl who is not a flirt dwells in her memory too. Miss Fairchild's cheeks were hot sometimes when she thought of it and of the answering glance of bewildered joy that flashed from Marshall's blue eyes. "If I might take advantage of it," she said to herself in brief, delicious panic when the invitation of a chum, Nell Burrows, to come for the January hop of the seniors at Marshall's college reached her. But she went nevertheless.

The assurance with which he confessed five of the dances on her card at the ball showed that Marshall remembered. They sat out two, which was delightful, but dangerous. There was little said, and the silence between them was intimate and significant.

Removed from the glamour of the lights and the music, from the half shielded promise of her eyes and the intoxication of her beauty, Marshall

was not satisfied. "If she were only poor!" he repeated to himself. "How can she know that it's she I want and not the money? Suppose that she thinks I'm a fortune hunter? And if the money makes any difference with her, then she doesn't care for me. I wish I knew. If you only could give me a sign, sweetheart, that you had faith in my love!"

It was luncheon, and Marshall was at his accustomed table in the hotel. His musing was broken by the opening of the door. Miss Fairchild and Miss Burrows came in. They were accompanied by Bronson and Carrel, wealthy frat men of his own class.

Out of the corner of his eye Marshall saw Miss Fairchild start a trifle when she recognized him. When the party had been seated two tables away by young Condon, another student waiter, the girl's back was toward him. He had given her no opportunity for a greeting.

For it had flashed over the young man that the sign, either of favor or of contempt for his poverty and his mental occupation, must be given. The girl would show whether her nature were gold or dross. If she were ashamed of him, if she left the room without a word, he resolved to tear the 'ave' felt from his heart and trample it under foot.

Marshall never knew what he did before the crucial time came, the moment of the party's rising from the table after lunch, but no detail of what followed escaped him. He saw the amused lift of Bronson's eyebrows, the scowl on Carrel's forehead and Miss Burrows' undisguised interest as Prudence Fairchild, eyes softly shining, came back to where he stood.

"If the mountain will not go to Mohammed," she said smilingly, "then of course Mohammed must come to the mountain. And I mean to quarrel with you some time for turning your back when I came in. But I shan't scold now; I'm leaving for home tomorrow, and I wondered if I'll see you again."

"I will call tonight to say goodbye," he replied eagerly. "And I have something important to say. If I may see you alone, I think I've been waiting all my life to say it."

Her glance thrilled him as it had that September day at the seashore.

"You may see me alone," she whispered.

The Florentine Enclave.

Your typical Florentine is a creature to the top tips. His enthusiasm and yearnings are quite other than those of the northerner. Give him 2 francs a day for life, and he will tell no more. He may be a marquis and seventh or eighth in direct descent, but he will be content to forego the assertion of his rank so he may thereforward enjoy the priceless hours of leisure and independence. His leisure he will dissipate at the cafe with perhaps two three-halfpenny sweet dishes per diem, and you may study the effect of his independence in his courtly manners even though his belt be worn at the britch and his coat back be deplorably shiny. He is a pellucid brook, shallow as you please, yet engaging for his pellucidity. As he sits on the red velvet cushions and looks forth at the carriages and gowns of fashion in the Via Tornabuoni he shows no trace of envy on his open countenance. What, in effect, have these rich ones more than to have the count of modishness and the indulgence of high feeding? The arguments and blue skies of Florence, not to mention the glorious or stirring memories of its history, are rather more his than theirs.—Cornhill Magazine.

Disraeli's Retirement.

In 1876 Mr. Disraeli was ruled by the queen to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield, and he left the house of commons before the news of his elevation to the house of lords had been made public. His withdrawal from the stage where he had played so long the leading part in a manner obviously devised to avoid any sort of election was in accordance with the dignity which characterized the remaining years of his life after the defeat of the Conservatives, when the general election of 1880, in consequence of the Midlothian campaign, had terminated his public career. No applicant for his opinions on any subject ever received a postal card from Lord Beaconsfield. No speech was ever made by him at railway stations. He died in 1881 as he had lived—alone, a stranger amid a strange people. After his death his memory became to English Conservatives an object of almost sentimental affection; to English Radicals it remained an object of never failing animosity. But to Englishmen of all politics, to Conservatives and Liberals alike, his life continues to be a constant puzzle, an unsolved enigma.—London Standard.

An African Serpent Story.

Here is a serpent story from one of the great fresh water lakes of central Africa. The Globe Trotter of Natal, British East Africa, tells it: "According to natives on the shore and islands of Lake Victoria the real sinuous pure water python is a reality. Officers on board the Sitali and the Whifred have time and again been unable to account for the unrest shown at times in the most tranquil waters. Sir Clement Hill in crossing the lake some years ago in a launch with one McGregor, the engineer, saw this monster and described it as having a head resembling the hippopotamus, only three times broader, but much more flat and wedge shaped. The opinion of the natives regarding its length, etc., differs very much, but all agree that the reptile is amphibious and declare they have seen forty feet or more lying dormant on the bank, while the supposed tall, sixty or seventy feet from shore, created a commotion in the water resembling the wash of an ocean steamer."

FINGER FELONS.

There Are Three Varieties of These Very Painful Sores.

A felon, or whitlow, is an inflammation of the hand or finger, usually of the last joint of the finger. Its importance varies with the seat of it—that is to say, with the portion of the finger involved. It may affect the skin only the tendons or sheaths or the fibrous covering of the bone—the periosteum.

A superficial whitlow, where the inflammation is confined to the skin, may be extremely painful, but otherwise it is not a very serious matter. But this cannot be said of the other two forms.

In the tendinous whitlow pus forms in the fibrous sheath surrounding the tendon, and unless the inflammation quickly subsides or the matter is let out by the surgeon's knife the pus may burrow down through the sheath into the joint of the hand and result in a permanent crippling of the member.

The third variety called by physicians a felon proprius is that in which pus forms beneath the nail, beneath which, across the bone. As this is due to the increasing volume of matter becomes very great and gives rise to a throbbing, maddening pain. The relief afforded by a deep cut into this inflamed tissue, right down to the bone, is magical, although the cut hurts. This is the only treatment for this form of felon, and the incision should be made early, for if it is too long delayed the bone will be killed and a discharging sore will remain which will later necessitate a surgical operation even if it does not result in the loss of the last joint of the finger.

The superficial whitlow does not usually call for such radical treatment. A clay poultice often affords great relief. This may be made by making a paste of clay previously sterilized by baking in a very hot oven and adding glycerin to prevent too rapid drying, or the clay may be obtained ready prepared in the drug store. This protects the finger from injury, keeps it cool and, if applied early enough, may prevent the formation of matter. When once pus has formed, however, no matter what the variety of the felon, the safest plan of treatment is to cut into the inflamed finger and give exit to the confined matter and relieve the tension of the parts.—Youth's Companion.

CARE OF CANARIES.

A piece of cattle bone is needed always, and now and then a lump of sugar.

Guard the cage from draft, from exposure to cold at night and also from too much heat.

Canary seed principally should be given, though now and then a little rape seed is beneficial.

Do not use a painted cage. The bird will peck the cage more or less, and the paint thus lapped is very injurious.

The larger the cage the better it is for the birds, and if not new it should be scalded and well dried before putting them into it.

Avoid frightening the birds in any way. It is very easy to have them know you and welcome your coming, but they do not like to be handled.

The cage should be thoroughly cleaned every morning, placing a piece of clean brown paper, not newspaper, on the bottom. Perches should also be washed daily.

The Best Weight Guessers.

Butchers are the world's best weight guessers. The butcher's difficult trade gives him a skill in weight guessing that is almost incredible. It is a commonplace thing in a meat shop to see a butcher seize hold of a huge red round of beef and slash off with a great knife four pounds just, or two and a half pounds just, or six pounds just, according to the order. The buyer of meat wants to get the weight he asked for, no more and no less, and he wants this weight in one piece, not in one big piece and two or three little ones. To satisfy the buyer the butcher has been compelled to acquire extraordinary skill in judging just how much a certain portion of a round of meat weighs and in cutting off that portion smoothly and accurately.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Most Nutritious Food.

Taking all the ordinary foodstuffs, the one which would best fulfill the requirements of life and strength would be substantial slices of whole meal wheaten bread, eaten with crust and spread with good butter. Practically all the constituents necessary for the support of life and the building up of tissue are contained in this food. It has the further advantage of being extremely satisfying. If fresh milk or buttermilk were drunk with it an almost complete diet would be obtained, so far as the mere sustaining of physical health and strength was concerned.

Undermined Streets.

A modern city's experiences with undermined streets are not unique. More than three centuries ago Bristol, England, had to face a situation somewhat similar. On his visit there Pepys noticed that the only carts allowed in the streets were those that could be drawn by dogs, for Bristol had dug cellars beneath her streets and stored her wealth therein—rum, tobacco and Bristol milk, the sherry that is still mysteriously tapped.

The Love of Liberty.

That we should wish to see the people of other countries free is as natural and at least as justifiable as that one thing should wish to see the kings of other countries maintained in their despotism.—Thomas Jefferson.

He'd Be a Winner.

Mrs. Bonham—You'll surely win baby's love if you carry him around in your arms. Bonham—Yes, I'll win it in a walk.—New York Press.

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An Angel In the Web

By Sidney H. Cole

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All day long the pitiless heat beat down on the pavements, and at night when Mather came home to his little room on the second floor he found it a veritable oven. Sleep in that place was out of the question. He turned out the single gas jet and went down to the street. On the stoop were noisy, chattering groups, waiting vainly for a breeze from the water. There was much banter between the occupants of neighboring stoops and much high pitched laughter. The steps of his own lodging house, like the rest, bore its quota, but he felt no inclination to join them. Instead he walked out to the avenue and turned aimlessly downtown.

He had proceeded but a short distance when the strident notes of a cornet and trombone and the pulsating boom of a bass drum fell on his ears. Above the din sounded shrill voices, quavering a hymn. He had never yet attended a street corner service of the Salvation Army, and it struck him that this would be an excellent opportunity to do so. He quickened his steps and soon came upon them, men and women alike kneeling on the dirty pavements, while a raucous voiced lieutenant offered a prayer. A flaring gasoline torch on a nearby fruit stand lighted the scene uncannily and threw into flickering relief the faces of varied types crowded about the kneeling figures.

Mather was country born and bred. Years of life on the farm had given him a big frame and a pair of shoulders that many an athlete might have envied. It was an easy matter for him to elbow his way through the crowd to the inner edge of the circle, where he stood quietly watching the little drama before him with mild curiosity and even military amusement.

The prayer finished, the little band arose, and the men replaced their caps. The lieutenant announced a hymn, the cornet squeaked, the trombone brayed, the drum boomed valiantly, and the quavering voices rose once more on the hot night air.

At the conclusion of the hymn the lieutenant announced that they would

with anger. "Eh? What?" said the other. He looked up at Mather. Mather towered inches above him. There was, moreover, something very sinister in his eyes.

"I apologized," began the captive hastily.

Mather felt a light touch on his arm. He turned to find Sister Ruth standing beside him.

"Don't hurt him, please don't," she begged.

Mather smiled grimly. "It's just as you say," said he. "I'll kill him if you say so."

"Let him go, please," she said, and Mather pushed the man away.

"Thank you," she said. Her eyes met his squarely; she blushed and hesitated a moment. "Thank you," she said again and was gone. That night Mather walked home on air.

Mather climbed the dingy stairs to the little hall at the corps barracks. It was Sunday evening. Outside the rain was falling dully and the gutters ran rivers of mud. He sat down quite alone on one of the rear settees. A handful of people nearer the platform were the only others in the bare, cheerless place.

There were hymns and prayers and testimony quite as usual, and during it all Mather sat back in the shadows, feasting his eyes on the outlines of a pretty face beneath a poke bonnet at one side of the platform.

Presently during the singing of a hymn Mather saw her coming down the aisle toward him, and his heart stood still. She stopped beside him, and her face flushed.

"Were you looking for—for salvation?" she faltered.

"No," said he quietly. "I was looking for you."

She looked a trifle frightened. He saw the color suddenly leave her cheeks.

"Please sit down for a minute," he begged. She hesitated, then reluctantly complied. The hymn still went on stridently. Mather looked thoughtfully at the unshaded gas jets above the platform for a time.

"I need you more than the army does," he said at length. "I want you to leave it."

"Oh!" she gasped, drawing away from him.

"I realize you know nothing about me," he went on hurriedly. "I'm foreman in a machine shop. I make good wages. So far I've lived a life I'm not ashamed of. But I want you to satisfy yourself as to the truth of all this, if you like."

She looked at him curiously.

"What do you know of me?" she asked.

"That I love you," said he stoutly.

"Is that enough?"

"Yes, that's enough," he declared.

She turned away from him for a moment. When she saw her face again her eyes were filled with tears.

"This work is very dear to me," she said.

He was silent.

"But of all men you are the one I should trust."

"And love?" he asked breathlessly.

There was a long pause.

"And love," she said very softly.

They were starting the last verse of the hymn, but Mather heard nothing of it. The bare, bleak room had suddenly become a glorious paradise. The yellow gas jets were glittering stars in a blue velvet sky. Sister Ruth's hand was in his.

A Mistaken Diagnosis.

In the boom days of Wilbur one of the characters of the city was a lawyer, big, paunchy, big voiced, big necked and given to making political speeches.

He had a nasty way of talking about other people. One night while he was haranguing in the street one of the men whom he had attacked several times got excited, drew a knife and stabbed the orator.

He fell to the street, writhing and shouting: "I'm killed! I'm killed!"

They took him into a billiard room and laid him out on a billiard table. Word got to the newspaper offices, and the reporters came hurrying down.

The lawyer was stretched on the billiard table delivering his last speech he said. In the middle of an impressive paragraph he saw the reporters.

He raised himself and belched. "Draw nigh, draw nigh, ye hounds of the press, and see a R-o-m-a-n die!"

And then the doctor came and found the knife had penetrated him about a sixteenth of an inch.—Saturday Evening Post.

Marshall Field's Advice.

A young bond salesman for a New York house interviewed Marshall Field in the spring of 1905 with a view to selling him a number of Pennsylvania railroad guaranteed bonds, yielding a little less than 4 per cent.

"Young man," said Mr. Field, "you are only wasting my time and yours. I like your bonds. When the trustees of my estate come to investing the interest on my investment I hope they will buy that kind of bonds, but I am a business man and do not care to put a large part of my surplus in a fully developed property any more than I should care to buy out a business enterprise that seemed to me to have reached the limit of its growth, no matter how solid it might be. Your bonds are too good for me." Mr. Field, it will be noted, invested his surplus on the same principle upon which he built up his business—namely, to put the money where it has a chance to grow.—World's Work.

A Small Boy's Tears.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?"

"Boo-hoo! Pa fell downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my pot. He's got better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nothin' boo-hoo!"—Sporting Times.

Her Ethelness.

Young Matron—Why so pensive, dear? Angelina—I'm desperate! Will address me in pale pink, while Max says I'm an angel in blue. I can't have but one gown, so you see my whole future depends on the color I select. It is sending me crazy.—London Tribuna.

THE FIRST BALLOON.

Result of the Experiments of the Montgolfier Brothers.

Proceeding on the principle that heat expands and so becomes lighter than cold air, the brothers Montgolfier, Joseph and Etienne, filled a paper bag with heated air, which rose to the ceiling of the room. This preliminary success was rapidly followed up, and they gradually increased the size of the balloons, experimenting with until they were so satisfied with their progress, that in 1783 they gave a public exhibition, sending up a linen balloon 105 feet in circumference, which was inflated over a fire supplied with small bundles of chopped straw. The balloon succeeded beyond their utmost expectation, and after rising to a height of over 6,000 feet it descended to minutes after in a field a mile and a half away. The next balloon carried a car, in which were a sheep, a cock and a duck.

The success of this further experiment induced M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes to risk their lives by making the first ascent in the new and wonderful machine. Their balloon, which was forty-five feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high and was inflated with hot air, passed over Paris to the great astonishment of the people, attaining an altitude of half a mile. Ballast was then for the first time employed in regulating the ascending power of the balloon. The first venture was followed by others, and the first to meet his death in this manner, being killed with a companion, by the bursting of his balloon near Rouen.

LACE BARK TREES.

The Beautiful and Serviceable Dress Materials They Yield.

There are in all about half a dozen lace bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready made sheet form, which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace bark clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native tapa cloth, as it is called, is made from the bark of the *Bruguiera papuensis*, but it is not usually fastened among the real lace bark trees. In its natural state the real lace bark is of a delicate cream white that it is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is utterly flat. It is used in the West Indies for mantillas, cravats, collars, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making up shawls, veils and the like it is customary to piece two sheets of lace bark together. Delicate and apparently weak as it is in single mesh, a bit of lace bark if rolled into a thin string will all but resist human strength to break it.—New York World.

UNCONGENIAL FLOWERS.

Mignonette and Roses, For Instance, Will Not Mix.

The florist frowned as he took up an order for a table decoration. "That will never do," he muttered. After calling up the customer and suggesting a change, he told his new clerk a few things.

"You must never take an order that calls for a mixture of mignonette and roses," he said. "A centerpiece of these two flowers wouldn't last half through the luncheon. They simply wilt one another. I don't know why, but they can't get along together."

"It is true of many flowers. Pansies, for instance, last twice as long if they are not combined with any other flower, and the same may be said of violets, Jonquills and daffodils, on the other hand, seem to get a new lease of life if you combine considerable green with them. Carnations will go all to pieces if you combine them with roses, although the roses do not seem to be affected."

"It is more striking in combinations of green with flowers. If you try to use an entirely different type of foliage from what the flower is used to, it won't last so long. So I never put feathery foliage with lilies of the valley, for you know its natural foliage is a thick leaf. I never use thick leaves with carnations, for their foliage is of the feathery type. It isn't so tough the flowers fought, but they seem to grieve at being misunderstood."—New York Press.

A Lure For Cock Robin.

Two coins clinked together gave good imitation of the robin's metallic note that this device has long been employed in England to attract the welcome "harbinger of spring." Formerly male robins were snared by the clinking of two copper pennies near a dummy bird. The dummy was perched on a twig smeared with bird lime, and cock robin, attracted by the sound and suspecting a rival, flew at him with blood in his eye. This is in violation of the bird laws in the United States, and no one who lives where robins make their home in confidence is likely to give the odd trick so unpleasant a finale. The clinking coppers serve a much more agreeable purpose as a means of rendering cock robin sociable.

Before and After.

She (cuttingly)—There is no doubt about it—marriage does improve a man's pretensions. He (surprised)—How so? She (blushingly)—Well, you frequently get up and offer me a chair now. Before we were married you never gave me more than half a one.

Where Metal Does Not Rust.

Metal does not rust in Lake Titicaca, South America. A chain, an anchor or any article of iron, if thrown in this lake, and allowed to remain for weeks or months, is as bright when taken up as when it came fresh from the foundry.

HOW WEASELS HUNT.

The Graceful Pose of the Animals When on the Trail.

The little grace of the weasel may be observed when it is on the trail. At an even speed, with nose to the ground, its red-tipped back seems literally to glide along through the rambles of the bank.

It may be the scent of a rat, and the trail may take it in and out of the bank a good many times before it comes up with its victim. It may even have to swim a stream before its persistence is rewarded. It is wonderful how small a hole that long, arched body can glide into and emerge from without the slightest difficulty.

When it has caught and killed its prey its movements are equally graceful as it carries the spoil home to its hole. Crossing a Kentish field I saw a weasel coming along under the hedge-row red toothed from the chase. There was the same sinuous motion of the back, but the little beast's head was held as high as possible and from its mouth hung the limp carcass of a young rat, freshly killed. The weasel held it by the neck and so high, for all the shortness of its legs, that only the end of the rat's tail dragged through the grass.

A family of weasels will often hunt in company, and this is naturally a most interesting sight to witness. The ability of the weasel to enter exceedingly small holes is owing entirely to the structure of its body—its flat head, long neck and short limbs and tail. In a cornfield it can pursue mice with ease along their burrows.—London Mail.

GAME DOGS AND GAME.

A Remarkable Instance of the Influence of Heredity.

The setter ate the mutton chop greedily, but he would have none of the partridge bones.

"A good game dog," said his master, "can't eat game. Its taste is repugnant to him. This is a remarkable instance of the influence of heredity."

"Game dogs have been trained for many generations not to eat the game—the birds and rabbits and what not—which they bring back to their masters in their mouths. They have been trained to consider that the eating of such game would be a disgrace and an unpardonable sin, the same as bank clerks have been trained to consider that the pocketing of a few dollars from the millions they annually handle would be a disgrace and a sin."

"And the result in the game dogs' case has been that this moral abhorrence of game, suggested to them by their masters, has been transmitted in its passage down from one generation to another, into an actual physical abhorrence. In the matter of game, thanks to heredity, game dogs now are never tempted. They can't sin."

"It would be a good thing for policy holders if, in the same way, man's moral disinclination to steal had been changed by heredity to an actual physical aversion of other people's money."

Ancient Tricks.

The arts of juggling were, as has been proved by learned writers, of high antiquity. The Hippias, who lived near Rome, jumped through burning coals; women in early times were accustomed to walk over burning coals in Cypriote, and the exhibition of balls and cups is often mentioned in the works of the ancients. It was as far back as the third century that one Fermus, or Firmus, who endeavored to make himself emperor in Egypt, suffered a smith to forge iron on an anvil placed on his breast, and rope dancers with balancing poles are mentioned by Petronius and others, while the various feats of legerism exhibited in our circuses, passed, in the thirteenth century, from Egypt to the Byzantine court and thence over all Europe.

A Proud Man.

"Did you see that proud man going out just now?" asked the cashier. "Proud as Lucifer. Know what he did? Found that I had made a mistake in his favor and handed me back the change. Now, I wonder why it is that people are so proud when they have discovered that they are honest. I could make in a lot of extra coin if I availed myself of the mistakes that are made here every hour of the day, but I don't on general principles, because I am naturally honest. It's nothing to be proud of."—New York Sun.

Where Taxes Are Unknown.

Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation sold \$5,750,000 worth of trees and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free and so are the schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

Worth Knowing.

"Sensible looking girl across the aisle."

"Yes. Like to know her?"

"No, thank you. Handsome hat she's wearing."

"Yes. She made it herself."

"Eh! Introduce me, please."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Odd.

Hicks—What do you think of that university making Dumley a doctor of laws? Wicks—Oh, well, the universities do very crazy things sometimes. Hicks—Yes, and yet they are always supposed to be in possession of their faculties.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Unfeeling.

Mother (angrily)—The brute! He has dared to scold you! Newy Married Daughter (sobbing)—Not so bad as all that, mamma. I scolded him from the house five minutes ago, and the unfeeling brute hasn't come back yet!

A Traveler's Tip.

A guide is too often a man who tells you what you do not want to know in a language you do not understand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Where life is more terrible than death it is then the truest virtue to dare to live.—Browning.

Excursion to Niagara and Buffalo.

If you wish a day of rare enjoyment go on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo Sunday, July 22. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:30 a. m. and the round trip fare will be only \$1.50. Tickets will also be good returning from Buffalo on regular trains Monday, July 23.

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